THINGS THAT ARE ALTOGETHER UNLIKE WHAT THEY SKEM.

Whole House in a Single Room of Haking Too Free With a Friend's Pur-niture, Which May Have a Stove for Stuffing-A Young Clergymen's Mishap.

NEW YORK, April 30. DELEGATION of the nicest girls in Fifth avenue went very, very sistant-rector of St. Thomas Church, They had an errand concerning some sort

of charity fad or other, but the fact that every one of the seven reported for duty in a toilet composed with a rupulous care suggests that they also wished to meet the gentleman for himself as well as for their good cause. Well, they presented themselves at his residence, which was in one of those bachelor semi-hotels that have lately multiplied in New York. We first entered the public reception

"Why can't we go right up and surprise him ?" the leader asked.

The servant gazed at us for an instant. Then, seeming to decide that our number made the thing proper, he let us go up in the elevator. We rapped at his door and were admitted. Probably the young clergyman thought we were a servant. He lay on his bed, though it was ten o'clock in the forenoon, with his trousers and all that sort of thing on, but without a coat and altogether too care-lessly arranged to receive ladies. "Pray excuse me a moment," he said,

and drew the heavy curtain between the entry and main room.

Scarcely a minute elapsed, and the vas withdrawn. Lo! a transformation! His sweet reverence was in a lovely house jacket, coming forward to greet us. But the principal wonder was that no bed was visible. In its stead was a fine writing-desk, open, with writing materials and the unfinished manuscript

of a sermon on it. Now, that is only a fair sample of the presto-change trickery in modern furniture. Residents of inland towns have no idea of the extent of that kind of thing

in our room fittings.

Furniture falsehoods have reached a complicated and artistic stage of devel-opment. Most of the rooms of boarding complicated and artistic stage of development. Most of the rooms of boarding houses and flats now present a collection of lies, handsomely done in antique oak, cherry, walnut or imitation mahogany, that would have amazed our straightforward ancestors a great deal more than the apple dumpling did the king. There are not many articles of necessary furniture that haven't been fixed up to look like something that it isn't. The idea seems to be to make it possible for you to fit up your room as if you were living according to the maxim of—whoever it was said it—"Give me the luxuries of life and I will do without the necessities." About the only thing I haven't found harboring something else inside of it is a parlor sofa with a cooking range for stuffing. But I expect to see that on the market very soon, for a furniture man to whom I made the suggestion seemed to think it a stroke of genius. Things with beds inside of them are the most ingeniously constructed shams of the whole lot. The glory of the mantel bed is over and gone. In its time it was considered a work of art, an inspiration of genius, a combination of beauty, use and fitness, such as seven-by-nine rooms had never seen before, and for which people with two-by-three pocket-books were deeply grateful, to enable them to make a parlor out of a hall bed-room.

Nowadays you buy almost any article

out of a hall bed-room. Nowadays you buy almost any article you can find in a furniture store, pay from \$25 to \$250 for it, take it home and open it and find a bed inside. Writing-desks all finished, even to the dummy key-hole and handles of the dummy drawers, tables in antique oak and mahogany, dressing-cases with carved panels and French mirrors, and gilt and ebony gimcracks, chiffoniers, with all manner of wood rinktums stuck on all over them; in fact, you can ask for a bed inside of almost any article of furniture that you over saw or heard of, and if the dealer almost any article of furnished ever saw or heard of, and if the dealer haan't it in stock, he will order it made for you, and the first thing you know it will be lining half the sidewalks in the city.

you, and the first thing you know it will be lining half the sidewalks in the city.

These turniture genuiuses appear to have had a special attraction toward literary-looking shams. Particularly it won't do to ask permission to use your friend's writing-desk for a moment unless you know just what is which. There is one kind of desk, simple and solid-looking, with a plain, morocco-finished, sloping top, that you would never imagine to be anything else. But lift up that innocent-looking top and you will discover a marble wash-bowl and a three-gallon reservoir, for water; and if you open the doors and drawers down below, you will find still more unexpected horrors. If curiosity should lead you to investigate that elegant-looking mahogany table, you would find the top liftable, with hinges and braces, lined with a beveled French mirror, and covering wash-bowl, pitcher, soapdish, toothbrush holder and—well, and so forth.

How can anybody expect to run two

sandish, toothbrush holder and—well, and so forth.

How can anybody expect to run two trains in contrary directions on one track, so to speak, without an occasional disaster? Certainly not. For instance, I have a proud but impoverished friend. She is a maiden, though forty, and you know how it is with that species of girl. She is precise and prim, and the slightest impropriety shocks her nigh to death. And she is afraid of men—positively frightened to be alone with one. To keepup an appearance of affuence, she lives in a single room, and hangs portieres in all the doorways, as though they led into other apartments belonging to her. But for a fact, that one small room is a parlor, reception-room, bed-room, bath-room and boudoir. Every article of furniture serves both an ostensible and a concealed purpose. The whole outfit has one aspect for the daytime and another for the night.

pect for the daytime and another for the night.

Mr. Wrich, an eligible widower, called on Miss Poore, and she meant to impress him delicately, yet entrancingly. She had arranged the room to look its best—or thought she had—when he came. She received him in timid cordiality, in faint sweetness, and bowed him into the apartment. She took his hat and cane, and gracefully motioned him to the most luxurious chair. At least, she intended to. But, woe, woe, woe! She had not transformed it from its utilitarian use, which was that of a sitz-bath. She was speechless with horror, and he was too engrossed with courtesy to see how the thing stood. So he sat down, went deep into the tub, and the water splashed up like a gayes. He tarried not, but retreated with his coast-tails dripping suds, leaving the Poore with an almost equal quantity of water falling in tears from her eyes.

order every year for ten new pairs of sheets at £25 a pair. The linen is of the most exquisitely fine cambric; in the centre is the royal coat-of-arms most beautifully embroidered and the crown equally exquisitely done in the four corners. These sheets are for the state rooms, and are all manufactured near Belfast. Every day the Queen's bed is freshly furnished with linen, and six housemaids perform the task. There are twelve pillows, on which the linen cases are sewn, not buttoned or tied, and these also are changed every day.—Galson Times.

A COSTLY BIT OF BRAG. How a Shabby Man Rebuked a Party of Military Dudos.

In a leading restaurant in St. Petersburg six officers of the Imperial Horse Guards sat recently, it is stated, drinking champagne. Not far from them sat an insignificant little man, with a shabby coat and an unkempt beard, and a glass of liquor in front of him. man, with a shabby coat and an unkempt beard, and a glass of liquor in front of him. It was not long before he became aware that he was being ridiculed by the officers aforesaid. By-and-by, as they became more offensive in their remarks on his personal appearance, the cheapness of what he was drinking, etc., he called for the waiter and said: "Bring me six bottles of your best champagne." The waiter hesitated. "Did you not hear what I said?" asked the little man. The waiter brought the wine and six glasses. "Take these glasses away and fetch a basin—one as large as you can find." The waiter again hesitated, but obeyed instantly at the peremptory repetition of the order. "A piece of soap," was the next order. It was brought. "A towel." The waiter handed him one. "Now open the bottles." The waiter did so. The little man now filled the basin with the contents of the six bottles, rolled up his sleeves, washed himself in the costly fluid, wiped his hands, laid £10 on the table, and, casting a look of withering contempt upon the officers, strutted out of the room.—London Standard.

AIDS TO REAUTY.

iome Remarkable Discoveries Made After A friend just back from Nice tells me that from curiosity he went round the hotels to see what unclaimed properties were lying in their bureaus. To be able to inspect them see what unclaimed properties were lying in their bureaus. To be able to inspect them well he pretended to have something to claim. The show of jewelry was small. When caskets were not carried off in the flight they were claimed by telegraph. But aids to beauty and evidences abounded of how when nature falls art steps in to set tottering mouths right, to cover denuded heads and to fill out flattened chests. My friend had no idea to what extent contrivance had been pushed in the manufacture of supplemental busts and hips. Of the former he was able to bear away a few specimens, which he has dissected, not with the scalpel, but with the scissors. They are beautifully elastic, a quality derived from the fine wire springs inside. These springs are set in a layer of horsehair and have an outer coating of soft and tough silk into which eiderdown is quilted. It keeps out of sight and touch everything harsh and metallic. The artfully-contrived bust resists the tight tailor-made corsage just like natural roundness and is sufficiently yielding not to start the seams. Its effects would take in the most practiced eye.—London Truth.

FOR FRATHERED PETS.

The Dainty Morsels Which Make Songster. Throats Unlimber Searce in Buffalo. Among the important articles of diet for soft-billed birds are ant eggs and meal worms, which are very essential to the nourishment of feathered songsters in captivity. Just now they are very scarce indeed. In fact, those who have a supply are pretty sure to be disinclined to share with their neighbors, either for money or as a favor. The eggs come from South America, and are imported by a firm in New York. They are very light in weight, and cost seventy-five cents a pound. The worms, in warm weather, can generally be found in large quantities in or about any flour mill or meal bin, when a moistened product has been heated. A gentleman in search of these delicacies visited a prominent feed and seed store, where they are generally seld, and in response to his inquiry the clerk said: "We have no worms and nary an egg. We had about 100 pounds of eggs stored in the upper floor of this building. A new man that we had engaged was directed to clean up the room. He saw the eggs, wondered why all that rubbish was allowed to accumulate, and fired them into an ash box on the sidewalk. Maytham's carts took them away, and we are out a clean \$75."—Buffalo Courier. who have a supply are pretty sure to be dis-

The Duke of Cornwall's Income. The Prince of Wales in his capacity of Duke of Cornwall has had a considerably better year than the Queen in her capacity of Duchess of Lancaster. The Queen, as I of Duchess of Lancaster. The Queen, as I mentioned a fortnight ago, was able to draw during 1886 only £50,000 for her private use from her duchy revenues, whereas the heir apparent has had no less than £50,503 3s. 3d. placed to his bankers' credit in the shape of the net profits of his valuable Cornish property. Things are looking up in the mining country. Arrears of rent, which were considerably over £13,000 at the beginning of 1886, barely exceeded £10,000 at its close, while the royalties due on mining property had been all paid up, with the exception of some £600 or £700.—London Figuro.

He Declined the Offer.

It is not generally known that T. V. Powderly, head of the Knights of Labor, recently came very near joining the newspaper profession. Just before the Richmond convention attention was called to the fact that \$1,500 was a very small salary for such an organization as the K. of L. to pay such a man as Powderly. Just at that time a syndicate of prominent Western papers offered him the position of European correspondent at a salary of \$5,000. The temptation to accept was, of course, great, but, after reflection, Powderly declined the offer. He is now receiving \$5,000 from the Knights,—New York World.

A Really Secret Society.

Omaha Girl—"O! you men are very mysterious about your secret societies. Guess you don't know we girls have a secret society, too."

Omaha Man—"Really, I did not; you have kept your secret well."

"Yes, we have one; it was formed last night, but its object is a secret, you know."

"I suppose so."

"Yes, you see all the members are to be true to each other under all circumstances."

"Of course."

"And tell each other all the secrets they hear. Isn't it splendid?"—Omaha World.

The Seath's Big Boom.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat says: The "New South" boom has evidently "come to stay," as real estate men are apt to say. During the first three months of 1887 the new enterprises incorporated in the Southern States numbered close on 1,000, independent of 110 new railroad corporations and twenty-six street railroad companies. The capital represented by these new enterprises and corporations totals up to 885,000,000, a great deal more than double the aggregate for the corresponding period of 1886. Eastern and Northern capital is rapidly floating southward.

The First to be Served at Table.

Opinions vary as to who should be served first at table. Some persons in fashionable society insist that the hostess should be first attended to. It has been pointed out, however, that this fashion originated in ancient times when the hopitable custom of poisoning was in vogue, and guests preferred to see the hostess partake of each dish before venturing themselves. Poisoning except by tich pastry and the like being not now in rich pastry and the like being not now in order, it is generally conceded that when there is but one attendant, the lady guest sitting at the right of the host, or the oldest lady, should be served first. As soon as the second person is helped there need be no further waiting before esting.—Toronto Globe.

A CENTURY BANK.

CURIOUS FATE OF A LADY'S PA TRIOTIC COLLECTION.

Made for Exhibition a Hundred Years Heuce-Congress was Shy, Hence Archi-tect Clark's Queer Expedient.

WASHINGTON, April 20 .- A tightlyclosed box, about ten feet in height, stands on the east portico of the Capitol, and excites a great deal of curiosity in the breasts of the thousands of people that annually pass it by. Only a very few of the people who see this box know what it contains. It has stood there for nearly five years, and from present ap-pearances it is likely to stand there until it falls to pieces-that is, the outer case, for inside is a strong iron safe, one of the strongest ever made. During the Centennial year, a very patriotic lady, living in Philadelphia,

called at the Capitol and asked Architect Clark if he knew of such a thing as a collection of autographs of General Washington and his Cabinet. Mr. Clark replied that he did not, and the lady said that it was the one disappointment of her life that she was unable to exhibit at the Centennial Exhibition not only the autographs of the first President of the United States but a cabinet photograph of the same. "It is a crying shame," she remarked, "that the government has not a collection of the autographs of all the prominent men who first organized and started this country. What a great thing it would be for the people at this Centennial to be able to turn to an album showing the handwriting of all the men who took an interest in this young country and were its officers at its start! What a valuable thing it would be if such a collection was owned by the government!" She said it was impossible to get such a thing now, but she intended to prevent a recurrence of what she considered a national disgrace at the second Centennial of the United States. The lady stated that she intended to collect the autographs of the President of the United States, his Cabinet, all the prominent officials of the government at Washington, the president of the Senate and the senators, the speaker of the House and members of Congress, as well as the governors of the States, and all the members of the Legislatures of each State then in the Union. Not only did she intend to get the autographs but the photographs of as many as possible.

She set to work and had a large number of books made, 10x18 inches. Each page of these books was the same. Printed at the top were the words "Name," "Official Position," "Residence," 'Place of Birth," and "Occupation." A column was given to each one of these captions, and the first book was sent to the President of the United States. He filled in his name, and then the Cabinet put in theirs; then came the members of the Senate and House, and next the officials of the government. President Hayes' name was secured with much difficulty, and so was the Cabinet. Congress, however, was more troublesome to secure. The woman worked with great zela and sent these immense books all over the country, securing first one name, then another. Then she commenced and got the names of the governors of the States. Some of the Legislatures were in session and it was an easy matter for her to secure them. Others were separated, and again the work of sending the books over the country was resumed. A very fine collection, considering the odds against her, was secured. Then she set albums made. Each large album contained at least 500 spaces for photographs -from the small carte-de-visite to the cabinet or panel. She secured as many photographs of prominent men as she could buy, beg, or borrow, and filled eleven of these books—the odd one is now on exhibition in the architect's office in the Capitol. It has no pictures

While she was procuring the name of President Hayes and the officials in Washington, she used a large silver ink-stand and one pen. When she had filled the first book with the names of "Prominent Men," as she called them, she dedi-cated the book in beautiful handwriting on the fly-leaf of the book "A Dedication to the President, Vice President, Cabinet, Speaker of the House, Senators and Members of Congress; also to President Scott of the Pennsylvania, Railroad," who assisted her in sending the books around the country. The dedication was the following inscription: "This book is not to be opened until 1976, when it is to be exhibited at our second Centennial. Then it is to be opened and the President of this country and high officials are to write their names in it. They are to use the same pen and silver inkstand which will be found in the safe where these books are kept. The safe is to be closed again at the end of the year, and the books are not to be opened for another hundred years; but the safe is to be opened every two years." This remark-

opened every two years." This remarkable collection of autographs and photographs was placed in the big safe she had bought.

The patriotic lady after having spent a large amount for the big safe, which is a very formidable-looking one, had glass doors put in front. The books were arranged carefully inside, propped up so as to be visible through the glass doors, and the silver inkstand and pens were placed in front of them. It was then taken to the Statuary Hall, which was the old House of Representatives in the Capitol, and placed in one corner. She announced that she intended to present the safe and its contents to the United announced that she intended to present the safe and its contents to the United States, with the proviso that it should not be opened except every two years for airing, and at the next Centennial. Mr. Randall was Speaker at the time, and he gave permission to the architect to allow the safe to remain in the Statuary Hall. It had not been there long before some one in the Senate had a resolution of inquiry passed, calling on

the patriotic lady and the House had not passed any resolution either to that effect. The Senate committee asked the architect if he did not know that he had entire charge of the Capitol, and that an act of Congress distinctly stated that nothing should be exhibited in the Statuary Hall but statues presented by the different States, and calling him to account. While all this was done in a thoroughly official manner, it was evident that the committee were only joking, and they wanted to get the safe out of the way, but had to assume a dignified position in doing so. They then tried to devise some scheme of getting rid of it, and finally when the rules came up a clause was entered that no articles of art or In the make up of the business suits he sack coat and the three-buttoned cut away are retained in their general foatures, though when made in the morwas entered that no articles of art or manufacture should be exhibited in the Capitol, except that owned by the United States; this of course would remove the

safe and its contents.

The architect notified the patriotic lady The architect notified the patriotic lady that she would have to remove her safe, as the United States did not intend to receive it. She refused positively to do it, and said that she had given it to the United States, and that they would have to look out for it. At first Speaker Randall and several of her friends objected to its removal, but when the matter was explained to them they saw it was impossiplained to them they saw it was impossi-ble for it to remain there, and in the dilemma Architect Clark closed the iron

dilemma Architect Clark closed the iron door of the big safe over the glass portals, closing it forever; then moved the safe to the east portico, boxed it up, and there it has remained ever since.

It is a rather strange thing that Congress did not accept this gift, because it is a most valuable one and will become more so every year. The lady spent over \$300 alone in postage in collecting photographs, while her express charges were something enormous. The actual expenses connected with the safe and the books were \$3,000. It is said that the reason Congress did not accept the gift is because they were afraid the patriotic lady might come in with a big claim some time for services rendered, and as there are a great many very particular men in are a great many very particular men in Congress they wanted to save our great-great-grandchildren from any interest this claim might accumulate in the coming JOHN S. SHRIVER.

Must Go the Whole Elephant. A New Englander, who was a wag, kept an eating-house near Boston, where, as he used to say, you could get anything that was ever made to eat. One day in came a New Yorker, and stepping up to the bar asked the landlord what he would give him for his dinner. "Anything, sir," said the host, "anything from a pickled elephant to a canary bird's toners."

"Waal," said the New Yorker, eyeing him
"I guess I'll take a piece of pickled elephant."
"Well, we've got 'em—got 'em all ready
right here in the house; but you'll have to
take a whole 'un,' cause we never cut 'em."
The New Yorker thought he would take
some codfish and potatoes.—Boston Courier.

Beer in the Church Cella Apropos of the beer stored under St. John's Church, Portsmouth, there is a good story told of one of the former pastors of the parish. He was disturbed by the fact that the church He was disturbed by the fact that the church was heated by stoves, and asked one of the wardens why they did not put in a furnace. The warden replied that they could not on account of the graves in the cellar. The pastor, being of an antiquarian turn, took a lantern one day, and started on a tour of inspection to find "the graves." Pushing open with difficulty a door in the cellar, he found, not what he sought, but beer barrels. Returning, he looked up the warden, and with a twinkle in the eye he said: "You have a queer way of burying your dead; you pickle them, I see."—Dover (N. H.) Times.

A fair American wore a train of "Jubilee" brocade at Queen Victoria's last drawing room. The color was white, brocaded in blue and silver, with a design in which the rose, shamrock and thistle were tastefully combined. The whole was edged with ruches of soft blue crepe, tied with blue bows and lined with blue satin. The petticoat was of blue tulle exquisitely draped, the folds being caught here and here with great clusters of pink-shaded roses without foliage. These flowers were so beautifully made that the petals quivered loosely with each movement of the wearer. The bodice, made of the brocade, was trimmed with folds of blue crepe, crossing each other in front, and with sleeves also formed of folds of crepe.—London Queen. A Jubilee Gown.

A Thrifty Youngster.

There is great hope for a boy when he develops valuable ideas of economy at the age of seven. Such a person is the youthful Tommy, who managed the other night to get his face extremely dirty after he had caten his supper, and was told by his mother to wash it before he went to bed.

"But, mamma," he said, "don't you think it'd be kind o' wastful to wash my face now?"

now?"
"Wasteful? What in the world do you mean, Tommy?"
"Why, what isn't any use is wasteful, isn't it? And it wouldn't be any use to wash my face now, cause nobody'll see it in the night."

—Boston Transcript,

A Bridal Couple's Hunt.

A Buffalo Couple's Hunt.

A Buffalo man says that when he and his wife were on their wedding tour, and coming from Cleveland on a fast train, she dropped her diamond ring through the opening in the bottom of the bowl as she was washing her hands. The conductor wouldn't stop, and so the pair got off at the next station, and the groom walking back three miles to a farm house that he had noticed just before the ring disappeared began a close search. After two hours' hard work, he found it lying against a tie and glistening in the sunlight.

A Curious Deformity.

A Louisille family were much annoyed by a whistling noise about the house when lights were extinguished. In time a mouse trap solved the mystery. When the little creature was examined his music was found to be caused by a deformity, the eyes being where the mouth should be, and the mouth between the front legs. The strange noise is made by the animal in forcing air in breathing from the lungs through the ears, that being the only outlet.

A Solema Moment.

"Tread softly, sir, and speak low," said the clerk in the counting-room of a great daily paper to a gentleman who had just entered, and he raised a warning finger.

"Somebody dead?" whispered the awestruck man.

"No, sir; the publisher is in his private office swearing to the circulation."—New York Sus.

An Incautious Official.

Tid-bits: Boston City Official—Anything wrong with your money, miss?

School Marm—Yes, you gave me a counterfeit fifty-cent piece when I got my salary yesterday.

Boston City Official—Ah, I see; you want a better half.

School Marm—Well, I don't know; you'll have to ask father.

The Autographometer.

M. Floran de Villepigne has devised, in Pari, an instrument, the autographometer, which, Nature says, records automatically the topography and difference of level of all places over which it passes. It is carried about on a light vehicle, and those who wish to use it have nothing to do but to haul it, or have it hauled, over the ground of which they desire to obtain a plan.

A Wrinkle for Bruggists.

A bright druggist in Brattleboro', Vt., has contrived a scheme whereby the medicine buyer will be somewhat protected. He has connected every bottle containing poison with the prescription deak by electricity, so that whenever one is touched a bell gives warning and wakes the compounder up to see, by a second look, whether he has the bottle he wants or not.

FASHIONS FOR MEN.

WHAT THOSE WHO FOLLOW THE STYLES ARE WEARING.

The Edicts of the Sartorial Artists for the Present Scason-Vests are Cut L. w Enough to Give Nico Shirt Bosoms a Little Show— The Sack Coat and Cutaway Still Worn.

pronounced plaids the sack is considered the nattier garment. The three-button cutaway buttons even lower than heretofore. The waist has been lengthened a little, without putting any additional length on the skirt, and thus for the coat a shorter look is obtained, though in reality it is about the same length. It should be made to fit closely to the figure, but not to anything like the extreme extent of the past two or three years. The desire on the part of extremists in dress to get a very low opening coat has brought out a new style, the two-button cutaway, which is likely to be seen considerably among

the very swell element. In this coat the lower button is where the third button on the ordinary cutaway would be, but the top button is much lower, and the lapel is naturally larger and heavier. On all plaid cuta-ways the outside breast pocket is yet in favor, and so are the flaps at the sides, which may cover real pockets or dum-mies, at the wearer's option. The sleeves should fit fairly snugly, and curve to con-form to the natural position of the arm. form to the natural position of the arm. At the cuff is a vent, and two buttons are used to trim. As in past seasons, the use of waddings in the shoulders will be avoided, though the square effect is desirable for most men, and is obtained by skilful tailors shrewd enough to locate the shoulder seams on the coat a trifle higher than heretofore. Of course, however, the sensitive man with sloping ever, the sensitive man with sloping shoulders will be forced to pad just a lit-tle. Cutaway coats in fancy goods are made with the edges turned in and stitched double, and there ought not to

be a bit more than a quarter of an inch between the stitching.

The morning sack coat in the same goods may have three er four buttons.

The toniest men prefer three, because that style enables the tailor to make the opening lower and the level beavier. opening lower and the lapel heavier. There is no very new feature about this sack, save that it is cut somewhat straighter in form, and made to button all the way down, if desired, the corners not falling away as formerly. The sack will be of good length. A man of five feet ten inches will find that his morning sack measures very near thirty inches in length. It will y near thirty mones in length of the per in snugly, but not the closely to back, a moderation in this respect being among the improvements. The patch pockets and the outside pockets will suffer no change, and the coat finally will be finished with a low roll and soft front, so that its most graceful appear-ance will be gained when it is worn open. In fact, most tailors are turning out both

that they may be worn open.

In the vest of the business suits, so that they may be worn open.

In the vest of the business suit the opening is cut still lower than heretofore, and the popular style is the single-breasted, notched-collar, five or six button vest. The no-collar vest will be worn to a moderate degree; but the extreme, to a moderate degree; but the extreme, because the latest, style, is that sort of vest with the low opening showing beneath the front edges a false collar made from white Marseilles or pique. This is simply a revival of a very old style, and was first noticed last summer. This year it is probable that the false vest will be work a probable that the false vest will be worn principally with fancy vests of either worsteds or silks. These fancy vestings, by the way, continue to increase in favor, and the variety of designs is quite bewildering. The majority of them seem to be in small figures, combination of dots, little flowers, stripes, checks, &c., in red and black, red and white, blue and black, and other combinations. y vests may have silk twist buttons or buttons covered with the same mate-rial; the edges are turned in and stitched

and the corners are cut away slightly at he bottom. The trousers of a business suit, or of any other suit worn this year, are cut even wider than was the rule last year. The trousers of the swell young man now quite verge on to bagginess—that is, they will measure nineteen inches around the knee and eighteen at the bottom on an average-size man. Trousers in fancy goods will have side seams finished with goods will have side seams finished with a quarter-inch welt; in the smoother or dressier goods the seam will be discarded. All trousers are made entirely without a spring nowadays, because the tailor seeks to give them the appearance of being loose and straight.

loose and straight.

The dark diagonal coat, fancy vest and cassimere trousers of striped or checked material form what is properly called the afternoon suit—a suit, by the way, that has in many instances replaced the Prince Albert costume. For the coat of this suit the black wide-waled diagonal retains its hold among dressy men. The three-button cutaway in this material is no longer trimmed by fashionable tailors with black silk braid. That has given way to silk galoon binding about three-eighths of an inch wide, laid over the edge half and half. The coat itself has a slightly more pronounced cutaway, giving a smarter and more graceful contour to the sweep of the skirta. In the trousers worn with the afternoon suit striped materials pre-

and more graceful contour to the sweep of the skirts. In the trousers worn with the afternoon suit striped materials predominate, and the designs and shades are almost limitless. A fancy vest in all its gorgeousness will complete the costume, though in the few warm months it may be replaced by the lighter linen vest.

This spring's silk hat is smaller in its general proportions than that of last year, because it has a straighter crown with less bell to it. In this departure the American made hat is somewhat more conservative than the English one, which has hardly any bell at all. On both the rims are quite narrow, though the dip and curve at the side are about the same. The seasonable Derby hat for business wear has rather a small round crown with a narrow brim, is closely curled at the sides, and is about the same height as heretofore. Light-weight Derbys are increasing in demand for summer wear, and are made without lining. The trade call them skeleton hats, and they are selling very well.

In Derbys black is the reigning color, though there is, as usual, a liberal sprinkling of the lighter shades of brownish drabs, &c. These hats will be worn through the summer, and there are some hatters who say that, following the English custom (and that carries weight with many New York men) the silk hat may be correctly worn the year round.

English custom (and that carries weight with many New York men) the silk hat may be correctly worn the year round, even in the hottest weather.

In gloves the different shades in tan and reddish brown are about right, and the backs may be stitched in black silk or in silk of the same color. They have two or three buttons

Too Literay by Halt.

Anxious Grandmother (watchful of

Do not hurry, do not flurry! Nothing good is got by worry. Bide the hour to make the spring! Take life easy; that's the thing. Do not trouble, do not trouble!

Life's Philosophy

Heavy hearts make toiling double. Groans the back with loaded pain? Laugh, and 'twill grow light again. Do not sorrow, do not sorrow! Grief to-day is joy to-morrow. Life flows smoothly after fears; Eyes shine brightest washed with tears. Good gathers strength, and le! the power

Of darkness yield. The day is ours. Tho' cloud and tempest wrap the sky, Yet wakes behind the Eternal eye. Watching, wondering, yearning, knowing Whence the stream, and where 'tis going

Seems all mystery. By and by He will speak, and tell us Why?

CHILDREN'S HUMOR. The Causes of Their Funny Sayings and Quaint Observations.

> The truly funny sayings of children are seriously mean by them, and are really revelations of the crude and im perfect workings of the logical faculty For the most par they may be clas fied as generaliza-tions from insufficient premises. For instance, my little four-year-old watching a heavy

fall of rain, solemn ly inquired: "Who ly inquired: "Who turned it on?" The idea was ludicrous but was a perfectly natural one to a child who was used to seeing water flow only when it was turned on. The same youngster, after a rain

spell of several days, became cross at being cooped in the house so long, and discontentedly remarked: "It takes Dod a long time to do his washing." The sloppy associations of the family wash-day had evidently inspired the emark. From an analogous association of ideas

ame the remark of the little girl who, on going to the country, where for the first time in her life she saw a candlestick used for a bed-room light, she exclaimed: "C mamma! see the little gas with a handle." The minds of children take short steps ike their little legs, and the literal way in which they take things is often productive which they take things is often productive of quaint observations. A three-year-old little girl was taught to close her evening prayer, during the temporary absence of her father, with "and please watch over my papa." It sounded very sweet, but the mother's amusement may be imagined when she added, "and you better keep an eye on mamma, too!"

It was a good little boy in a Sunday school who gave this interpretation to a verse taught by his teacher: "Behold, a greater than Solomon is here!" "Hold a grater to Solomon's ear!" When at a loss to give the answer "Cain" to a question relative to that individual, the teacher, to jog his memory, asked: "What does a man walk with?" Quick as a flash came the reply, "A woman."

sh came the reply, "A woman." Here is a funny remark which could only have proceeded from a country maid: "What is the matter with the baby?" asked a lady of a little girl whose baby brother she had understood to be ailing. "h, nothing much," was the answer; "he's only hatchin teeth."

A remark which is a fine instance of child-ish logic was that made by a little girl to her aunt who was giving her some astro-nomical information. "That star you see up there is bigger than the world." "No, it isn't," said the child looking at the fiery speck incredulously. "Yes it is." "Then why don't it keep the rain off?"

The Hmited vocabulary of children constrains them to expedients of speech which often sound very funny. A little boy who was twisting his face and wrinkling his nose because of a bad odor, remarked: "Oh, father, how I wish I was deaf and dumb in

An accidental hitting of the key note of a familiar phrase caused a little tot to make this funny break: Her mother, in hearing her say her prayers, told her to ask the Lord to make her a good girl. "Dear Dod," said the little thing, "pleath try and make me a dood girl—and if at firth you don't succeed, try, try again," she unexpectedly added.

try again," she unexpectedly added.

Something of a similar association of ideas may be discerned in the remark of a little girl to her Sunday school teacher. "How did the Queen of Sheba travel when she went to see Solomon? asked the teacher of the class. No one ventured an answer. "Could she have gone by the cars?" asked the teacher, beginning to lose patience. "Yes m." said a little girl at the end of the class. "She went by steam-cars." "Did she, indeed!" said the teacher. "Well. Louise, we would like to know how you found it out." In the second verse," responded the child, "it says she came with a very great trais."

There is a dangerous candor in childhood

There is a dangerous candor in childhood of which mothers are well aware, but which they sometimes forget to their sorrow. A lady, dining out, said: "It isn't polite, Bobby, to smack your lips when eating. You never do that at home." Bobby—"'Cause we never have anything worth smacking over."

Some children once made a dreadful revelation of maternal calculation in this fashion: "Grandpa, dear, we have come to wish you many happy returns of your birthday, and mamma says if you give us each a dollar we are not to lose it on our way home."

Intentional fun-making on the part of children is mere buffonery. They are not punsters, for that implies a knowledge beyond the capacity of childhood. Here is an anecdote which is clearly the work of the paragrapher, for no child would ever have perpetrated the atrocity: "Your father is entirely bald, isn't he?" said a man to a milionaire's little boy. "Yes," replied the boy sadly; "I'm the only heir he has left."

That is a fair sample of a class of reas-

That is a fair sample of a class of para-graphs that pass for children's sayings, when they are altogether impossible utterances for children.

Many a man of sixty-tive to seventy years of age, slightly declining in health, would prolong his days and increase his comfort if prolong his days and increase his comfort if he were to make a tour of from six months to a year. If he dreads the sea, it is not necessary to go abroad. He can easily be entertained and profited by a journey of that length in his own country—a territory as large as that occupied by the diversified nations of Europe. Many, however, who have the means will go on in the same rut, the harness, which they have worn for three-score years, wearing through the skin in the same place, until finally, like the ancient stage horse, they will be unable to stand up longer under the weight of the harness and the shafts, much less pull the load.—Christian Advoca"

The Dog Stopped the Team.

While a farmer was driving to Dallas City,
Ill., his team started to run away. Owing to Ill., his team started to run away. Owing to the fact that his hands had been frozen some time ago, he could not control the horses. His shepherd dog, riding in the wagon, seeming to take in the situation, grabbed the lines in its mouth, jumped from the wagon, and held on. The team ran into town, dragging the dog, who finally pulled the horses into a fence and stopped them without damage to any one or anything.

New Jersey's Pook-Bah.

Henry C. Kelsey, secretary of State, is the Pook-Bah of New Jersey. He is a member of the board of bank commissioners, clerk of the board of State can vensures, clerk of the Court of Errors and Appeals, clerk of the Court of Impachment, clerk of the Court of Pardons, clerk of the Prerogative Court, commissioner of the State library, scientific school commissioner, and State commissioner

BEEFSTEAK JOHN.

ONE OF THE ODDEST PLACES TO ME FOUND IN NEW

An Eating House Where Good Fare is Gi Rates, But it Requires Curious Expedients to Manage the Business. to Hungry Folks at Ren

NEW YORK, April 20. -"Walk right in old man, we've got something for you!"

It was a tottering chap of seventy or so
who was thus hailed, and the speaker
stood in the open doorway of a Bowery restaurant. A considerable share of traffic in this famous street, good and bad, is done by portal solicitation, from the clothing store to the dime muses but this time the place was a cheap eating house, and I wondered at it. The old man entered, and I followed him in.

"What you want," said the waiter who had half-seriously and half-jocosely enticed the customer in, "is a Hamburger steak." @

"Can I eat it?" was the nervous query "Can a kitten lap milk?" was the vocifrous reponse.

We were in a locally noted establishnent-one worth description. In var times, a keen and thrifty Switzer, whose first name was John, opened a little place on the Bowery for the sale of pork and beans; and by giving more beans for less money than anybody else he acquired reputation, money and the nickname of "Pork-and-beans-John." . Twe or three years after the war, the demand for beans having subsided, John changed his location and his bill of fare; and public opinion, or whatever it may be called, change his nickname. He moved a tew blocks up the Bowery and devoted his entire attention to broiling beefsteaks at lowe rates for hungry folks. John thought a steady diet of beefsteak was good enough for anybody, and he didn't pretend to cook anything else, except the few vegetables that went with the meat. Therefore, forgeting and putting altogether aside the bean period and its accompaniments, the Bowery fastened upon the steak broiler the name of Beefsteak John, and by that name has the Swiss

been known ever since. In the lapse of years Beefsteak John has increased his capital and enlarged his dining-room, and, in deference to the clamorous appetites of his patrons, he has revised and improved his bill of fare, giving it some suggestion of variety, and trying to suit all palates that are not pampered beyond the bounds of reason. Like all men of originality, he has many imitators, and one can now find half a score of cheap restaurants in New York imitators, and one can now find half a score of cheap restaurants in New York displaying the sign "Beefsteak John's." The original shop is capable of seating about 200 persons. Plain stables are in rows along the sides, and a long one runs through the centre. No table-cloths are used, because the Bowery does not demand the luxuries of life, and it is much easier to keep the wood clean than to educate the customers to avoid spilling the soup. For equally obvious reasons John refrains from supplying his patrons with napkins, and he places no temptation in the shape of silver in the way of the Bowery. Coat sleeves and plain iron cutlery are good enough, and much cheaper. The fare is plain and not too variegated, and it is the same every day, as permanent painted signs on the walls sufficiently attest. A regular dinner of soup, meat, vegetables bread and coffee costs twenty cents; all meats specially ordered cost ten cents a plate. specially ordered cost ten cents a plate, and oysters from ten to twenty cents, according to the style of cooking.

There is one inviolate beefsteak rule

here. Every steak is cooked with onions. Appeal and protest make no difference. The steak must and shall be fried with onions, and a little wad of that odoriferous vegetable, hot and greasy, has to be served on the plate with the piece of article sold here, and it can't be vari article sold here, and it can't be varied to "steak, with an option of onions." Nevertheless, a modification very remarkable has been made by Beefsteak John in his business, and that was what the old man's attention was called to by the puller-in. A steak that can be sold at a profit for ten cents has some peculiarities of for the control of the puller in the following steam of the period of chew up the leathery food. As an entire steak, of even the limited size known in this restaurant, cannot well be swallowed whole, the customers had to drop off, one whole, the customers had to drop off, one after another, as they grew toothless. To supply a long-felt want Beefsteak John lately introduced the Hamburger steak. That is a formation of chopped beef, pressed into the shape of a solid steak, and fried brown. The dental damage done in days gone by or feared to-day may be estimated from John's statement that he sells and his guests devour 300 rounds of Hamburg steak daily, and

ment that he sells and his guests devour 300 pounds of Hamburg steak daily, and his old original beefsteak trade has fallen off sadly. He feeds about 1,800 persons each day, and he looks prosperous. Although the place is run on a cheapplan and is frequented by people who would not be too particular about little matters, it is reasonably clean and not at all noisy. The waiters, big fellows in white aprons with their sleeves rolled up to the elbows, do not bawl the orders down the hall, like elevated brakmen calling stations, and none of the unique down the hall, like elevated brakemen calling stations, and none of the unique slang current in most cheap eating houses is used in designating the dishan order is taken quietly and art his peditiously, but without any leg. If style, and the waiters treat buld have patron as well as they do the places as this and many the it was cheaper make it possible midships man to exist in New York morlim five cally than he can in smaller cite pealaborer who earns but a dollar a get food and lodging and have sorlled, for tobacco, and the poor devil wa the up a precarious living by sellir. His knacks on the street finds such a had Beefsteak John's little less than a aning. And, after all, many a man pays more money for worse food than even Hamburg steaks.

ing. And, after all, many a man paysmore money for worse food than even Hamburg steaks.

But the management will permit no carping criticism against its new Hamburg steaks. One of the waiters was a prisoner in the Tombs police court, the other day. The officer who arrested him testified as follows: "Your honor, I was a-patrollin' my beat, a-past Reefsteak John's, when a man come a rollin' out. This prisoner had bounced him."

"What have you to say this?" asked the magistrate.

"Well, the fellow was eatin' a Hamburger steak into our place," was the reply, as of a man who knew that his cause was just, "an' he was givin' us some funny business what we couldn't stand. He was a ventriloquist from the museum next door, and he had a friend settin' right across the table. Hoth too Hamburgers. When the friend cut make the ventriloquist gave an infinition of a cat's me-a-ow that sounded as it come out of it; an' he said: 'Ah' your is cat. Wonder what mine is?' The stuck his fork into his own these was a dor's whine and hark, yes boson, we can't have the condition of our customors shock the table.